You're patched behind, an ancient rending;
That, too, recalls a past delight;
One night to run from Jane pretending,
I felt her soft hand clutch me tight.
Torn were you, and that frightful tear
It took my Jane two days to mend,
While I was held her captire there;
So never let us part, old friend.

Have you been steeped in musk and amber, Which fors sniff, looking in the glass? Or pushed along an ante-chamber, For swells to sneer at as we pass? Throughout all France by faction reut, Ribbons and wars fell strife can sand—

Fear no more days of idle ranging,
When our two fatce become as one,
Of pleasure with plain interchanging,
Of intermingled rain and sun.
For the last time I soon shall doff
Mg clothes, just wait! and we will wend
Together, gently going off;
So never let us part, old friend.

From Berang

THE YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER.

On "Miller's Hill" a farm-house; owland structure built of wood; whose clap-boards, weather-worn and gray, were falling into slow decay: whose mossy wooden lane-troughs swung from rusty irons rudely hung; whose curling shin-gles here and there betrayed the need of

gles here and there betrayed the need of good repair; whose ancient chimmey, capped with stene, with lichens partly overgrown above the sagging roof, looked down upon the spires of Brandon town.

An old gray barn was built near by, with heavy girths and scaffolds high, and solid sills and massive beams, and through the cracks and open seams the slanting sunshine used to play in golden gleams upon the hay, where oft, with many a shout, the children jumped and played about at hide and seek, or looked with care for hidden nests in corners ith care for hidden nests in corners there. Where off at morn they used to hear the cackling hen and chanticleer, where, by the broad floor 'neath the mows, were cribs and stanchions for the cows, and strong plank stalls where horses stood to eat their hay from racks of wood, and, in a corner stowed away, a of wood, and, in a corner stowed away, a fanning-mill and old red sleigh. Where jolly farm-boys husked at night the gold-en corn by candle-light, and hung their lanterns by the bay on pitchforks thrust into the hay, where, sheltered from the

into the hay, where, sheltered from the autumn rain, with thundering fialls they threshed the grain.

Each year the hum of honey-bees was heard amid the apple tree, the illacs bloomed, the locusts fair with their sweet. grance filled the air; the stubble fields lowed and sown; the warm rain were plowed and sown; the warm rain fell; the bright sun shone; the robins sang; the green grass grew; the roses blossomed in the dew; the tall red holly-hock once more bloomed brightly by the farm-house door; the sun-flower bent its gaudy head; the cattle in the pasture fed, the crickets chirped in meadows fed, the crickets chirped in meadows near, sounds were wafted to the ear o'er waving fields of tasseled corn, of clatter-ing soythe and dinner horn. The reapers reaped their golden sheaves; the swallows resped their golden sneaves; the sapples in the autumn breeze grew ripe and mellow on the trees; the leaves were about the air; the fields were brown, the wood-lands bare; the snow-flakes fell; the air grew chill; the sleigh-bells rang on "Mil-ler's Hill."

The winter sky was overcast, the snow and sleet were falling fast. 'Twas Christmas eye; the air was cool; the children hurried home from school, with laughter loud and outcries shrill they reached the farm-house on the hill, they came across the kitchen floor, nor stopped to shut the entry door, all striving first the news to tell, exclaimed, in concert, with a yell: "The teacher's comin' here to stay; he's up the road a little way; he stopped to talk "ran home to let you know." d to talk with Susan Stow, an' we

The mother stopped her spinning The mother stopped her spinning-wheel, and put away her creaking reel, swept up the dusty hearth with care, rolled down her sleeves and brushed her hair, smoothed out her rumpled gingham gown, and in her rocking-chair sat down; then, striving hard to look her best, she calmly waited for her guest.

Her ruddy, round, and fleshy face was bordered by a cap of lace; her ness was

bordered by a cap of lace; her nose was bordered by a cap of lace; her nose was nearly hid from view by her plump cheeks of healthy hue; her eyes were bright, her hair was thin, she had a heavy double chin; her husband's arms, when both embraced, could barely cir-

cumscribe her waist.

Of all large women nine in ten will most admire the little men, and little men—why none may tell—will love large women quite as well. They woo, they wed, the man through life is quite o'ershadowed by the wife.

Soon, parting from his rustic flame, the tardy young schoolmaster came. His eyes were blue, his features fair, his chin o'ergrown with downy hair; behind his ears his locks of brown were smoothly brushed and plastered down; his bony limbs were large and long; his welllimbs were large and long; his well-trained muscles firm and strong; the tall, stout boys that years before had thrown their master through the door his rod regarded with dismay, and seldom dared to disobey. The pride and hope of Hubbardton was tall Lycurgus Littlejohn, who had, his fellow-townsmen said: "A bean o' lawin' in his head." (Three heap o' larmin' in his head." (Three terms in Midblebury College had given him his 'heap" of knowledge.)

He often used to sit between the fair young girls of sweet sixteen and kindly

help them "do their sums." They brought him fruit and sugar plums; they had their girlhood hopes and fears; his words were music in their ears; each smile he gave them had a charm; each frown would fill them with alarm. What envious looks at Susan Stow, his favorite scholar they would throw. Her eyes and hair were dark as night.

her skin was soft, and smooth, and white; a peach-like bloom her cheeks white; a peach-like bloom her cheeks overspread; her lips like cherries, ripe and red. What wonder he could not conceal the glad, sweet thrill he use to feel through all his palpitating frame when to his desk she coyly came and, looking up with eyes of love, like some sly, timid little dove, would softly ask him to expound some knotty problem him to expound some knotty problem she had found? What being in the world below seemed half as sweet as Susan Stow? Her eyes would flash and, in return, his face would flush and strangely burn, and, when he tried to calculate burn, and, when he tried to calculate some long, hard "sum" upon her slate, the figures danced before his sight like little gobblins, gay and white, and, when at night, with cheerful face, he started for his boarding place, what wonder that he came so slow in walking home with Susan Stow?

The woman crossed the kitchen floor The woman crossed the kitchen floor to meet Lycurgus at the door, and, with a scrutinizing star, e she said: "Walk in an' take a chair, an' be to home while you are here. Come, Busby, take his things, my dear."

Forth from his corner, by the fire, the

husband came at her desire. His head was bald, save here and there, stray lit-tle tufts of grizzled hair; his shoulders stooped, his form was thin, his knees were bent, his toes turned in; he wore a long blue flannel frock, gray trousers, and a satin stock; a cotton collar, tall and queer, was rudely rumpled around each ear; his face was mild, his smile was bland, as forth he put his ponderous hand, and said: "I think I see you well, I hope you'll stay a leetle spell; we're plain folks here I'd have you know, and don't go in for pride nor show." Then. after stepping on the cat, he took the teacher's coat and hat; he hung them on a rusty nail, and, picking up his milking

pail, he slowly shuffled out of doors and ent to do the evening chores. went to do the evening chores.

Close by the firelight's cheerful glare. Lycurgus drew the easy-chair. The savory steam of chickens slain came from the black pot on the crane. The kettle's merry song he heard; upon the hearth the gray cat purred; while, by the chimney corner save the house does not be the control of the country of the chimney corner save the house does not be the country of the chimney corner save the house does not be the control of the country of the chimney corner save the country of the chimney country of the chim

the chimney-corner snug, the house dog dozed upon the rug. Among the chim-ney-piece of wood an idle row of flatirons stood, two candlesticks in bright array, a pair of snuffers and a tray. The time-worn clock ticked slowly on; it struck the hours forever gone. "Forever gone," it seems to say—"Forever gone," it seems to say—"Forever gone," from day to day, in its tall case of sombre hue—twas fifty years since it was new. Between the windows, small and high, the looking-glass was hung, near by; a brazen bird with wings outspread, perched on the scroll-work over-head; beneath, a shelf, the common home

of family Bible, brush, and comb; above, from iron hooks were hung long frames, with apples thickly strung, and, fixed upon the wall to dry, were wreaths of pumpkin kept for pie.

Forth from the buttry, to the fire, came Aunt Rebecca McIntyre, a swallow spinster, somewhat cld, whose mellow age was seldom told; her hair was gray, her nose was thin, it nearly touched her

toothless chin. Life's weary work and constant care had worn a face that once was fair. Each Sabbath morn, from spring to spring, within the choir she used to sing, in ancient bonnet, cloak, and gown, the oldest relics in the town; beside the best she could, and, while with tuning fork, he led, she marked his movements with her head, her nasal voice rose share

and queer above the deep-toned viol near.

She took the black pot from the crane, removed the kettle from the chain, and made the tea and chicken-broth, drew out the table, spread the cloth; then, from the table, bright and new, brought the best china edged with blue. The chores were done, the feast was

spread; all took their seats and grace was said. They ate the savory chicken stew, so juicy and so well cooked through; before them, rich round dumplings swam, on steaming plates, with cold boiled ham, with feathery biscuit, warm and light, with current jam and honey, white and crowning all a good supply of yellow, meatly pump-kin-pie. Where such a bounteous feast is found, who would not teach and 'board around?"

The supper done, the father took from off its shelf, the sacred Book, and read of one who stilled the sea one stormy night in Galilee; then, kneeling down before his chair, he asked the heavenly Shepherd's care,

Soon from the group, with drowsy heads, the children started for their beds; took off the little shoes they wore, and left them on the kitchen floor; then, bidding all a fond "good night," with pattering feet, they passed from sight.

Dear liftle feet, how soon they stray from the old farm-house far away; how soon they leave the family fold to walk the shining streets of gold, where every hope is real and sure; where every heart is kind and pure; where every dream is bright and fair,—O! may we meet our loved ones there!

The farmer left his cozy seat, with clattering slippers on his feet, went to bidding all a fond "good night,

clattering slippers on his feet, went to the cellar where he drew a mug of cider, sweet and new, and from his broad bins brought the best and ripest apples for his guest. Then, by the warm fire's rud-dy light, they lingered until late at night, strange legends told, and tales that made them all feel nervous and

the curling smoke above the crane; she were happy, years ago.

When, in the merry winter-time, their dropped her knitting on the floor, awoke,
her eyelids heavier grew, arose and silently withdrew.
Along the creaking stairs she crept, to
the lone chamber where she slept, and

close the window-curtains drew, to screen herself from outward view. She stopped the key-hole of the door, she set the candle on the floor, looked 'neath the valance—half afraid to find a man in ambuscade; then sitting down, aside with care she laid her garments on a chair, slipped on her ghostly robe of white, took off her shoes, blew out the light, then, in the darkness, from her head removed her wig and went to bed, curled up, with chilly sobs and sighs, and quivering shut her drowsy eyes.

Poor single souls who sleep alone, the night wind hath a dismal tone to

your lone ears—you start with fear at every midnight sound you hear, when late at night with weary heads you creep into your weary beds. The nights seem long, your lips turn blue, your feet grow you know they do!

She slept at last; she heard once more the ripple break upon the shore; again she sat upon the strand, and some one clasped her fair young hand, and words were whispered in her ear that long ago she loved to hear, and, starting up, she gried in glee: "I knew you would come back to me." She woke. Alas! no love was there. Her thin arms clasped the vacant air. "Twas but a dream. She lived alone. Without she heard the night wind moan, while on the window-panes the snow was wildly beating. From be-low the smothered sound of voices came when still with Busby's social dame. Their guest sat by the fading fire and watched its fleeting flame expire while she listened, but no word they uttered could be clearly heard; but soon a recolection came that sent a shudder through her frame—the sausage to be fried at morn, the breaksast table to adorn, was in the bedroom where their guest would

soon betake himself to rest. The clock struck ten, she softly said, "I'll get it ere he goes to bed." The spare bed stood within a room as chill and humid as a tomb; 'twas never aired, 'twas seldom swept; in its damp corners spiders crept; they built their bridges through the air, and no rude room disturbed them there. The rain, that fell on roof decayed, dripped through the chinks that time had made, and on the whitewashed walls ran down in wondrous frescoes tinged with brown; the window-panes, with frost o'erspread, were warmer than that icy bed. Cold was the matting on the floor; cold blew the breeze beneath the door; cold were the straight-backed chairs of wood; cold was the oaken stand that stood on spindling legs that looked as chill as lone, bare pines on some bleak hill; high rose that bed o'er things below, like some tall ice-berg capped with snow. Here every highly honored guest, when bedtime came, retired to "rest."

Within its large and moldy press hung Mrs. Busby's best silk dress; her Sunday bonnet, shoes, and shawl, on rusty nails against the wall, by Mr. Busby's suit of blue, that at his wedding had been new. Here on a peg his best cravat reposed within his old fur hat; here, shut from sight of human eyes, were rows of mince and apple pies, with rolls of sausage and head-cheese, stored on the shelves and ese, stored on the shelves and eft to freeze.

From out her cot the maiden crept, dipped on her shoes and softly stepped dong the hall and through the gloom until she reached the chilly room. Unseen she crossed the icy floor, unheard unlocked the closet door, snatched from the shelf, in a firm hold, a bag of sausage, stiff and cold, then turning quickly sought to beat a sudden, safe, and sv e retreat. Too late! A light gleamed on the wall, and sound of footsteps filled the hall, then to the room came boldly on the stalwart form of Littlejohn! She

boots upon the floor, and, rising, tried

Sunday gown and shawl, she wrapped them round her freezing form, blushed, to keep her visage warm.

blushed, to keep her visage warm.

The paper curtains, loosely hung upon the windows, rustling swung, while through each quivering, narrow frame of frosty panes a dim light came that made the furniture appear like dusky phantoms crouching near. Lycurgus listened in the storm and hugged his brick to keep him warm hat calded. brick to keep him warm, but colder grew the humid bed, the clothes con-gealed around his head; to feel at ease in vain he tried; he tossed and turned from side to side; each time he moved, be-neath his weight the bedstead creaked like some farm-gate. His brick grew cold, he could not sleep, a strange sen-sation seemed to creep upon him, while across the floor he closely watched the closet-door.

Was he but dreaming? No! his eyes beheld, with wonder and surprise, what man had never seen before-there was a movement at the door. It slowly turned movement at the door. It slowly turned and to his sight came, through the dim, uncertain light a hideous hand, that in its clasp some awful object seemed to grasp, a crouching form with frightful head, seemed slowly coming towards the bed. He heard the rusty hinges creak, he could not stir, he could not speak, he could not turn his head away; he shut his eyes and tried to pray; upon his brow of palid hue the cold sweat stood like drops of dew; at last he shricked, aloud and shrill-the

door swung back and all was still.

That midnight cry, from room to room, resounded loudly through the gloom. The farmer and his wife at rest, within their warm and cozy nest, awoke and sprung, in strange attire, forth from their bed loud shouting—"fire!" But, finding neither smoke nor flame, soon stumbling up the stairs they came. In cotton bedquilts quaintly dressed, they heard a deep groan from their guest, and, full of wonder and affright, pushed in the door and struck a light.

Deep down within the feather bed Lycurgus had withdrawn his head, and, out of sight, lay quaking there, with throbbing breast and bristling hair. They questioned him, but he was still; he shock as if he had a chill, the conrage was completely gone from tall Ly-curgus Littlejohn.

What human language can express, the modest maiden's dire distress, while standing still behind the screen, a sad pectator of the scene? What pen or pencil can portray her mute despair and deep dismay? A white she stood, and through the door she peeped across the d-room floor; the way was clear, and like a vise she grasped the sausage, cold as ice, sprang from the closet, and from sight she glided like a gleam of light, away without a look or word, she flew like an affrighted bird; without a moment of delay, the mystery cleared itself areas. itself away!

Again the snow gleams on the ground, again the sleigh-bells gayly sound, again on "Miller's Hill" we hear the shouts of children loud and clear; but in the barn his guest. Then, by the warm fire's ruddy light, they lingered until late at night, strange legends told, and tales that made them all feel nervous and afraid.

But "Aunt Rebecca" watched in vain the strange legends above the grange she were harve years ago.

children's children round him climb, he tells them of his fearful fright, on that far distant winter night; and, after they are put to bed, when by the fire with nodding head he sits and sinks to slumbers deep, and quakes and shivers in his sleep, alas! he is but dreaming still of that spare bed on "Miller's Hill."— Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Tribune.

4 Just Rebuke. Some Englishmen were making an excursion in New Zealand, and engaged natives as guides and to carry their luggage. On the first Sabbath, the Euro-

eans were proposing to journey as usud. but the natives said : 'No; we rest on the Sabbath." The chief of the guides was a Christian dan, and stood firm. The Englishmen, like too many of their countrymen when abroad, forgot the religion of their early days. They got into a great rage, and refused to pay them if they did not obey orders. The natives asked:
"What are we to do with the law of

God?" An Englishman answered :
"What have we to do with the law of God? What is that to us?"

One of the natives retorted:
"You have much to do with that," I it were not for the law of God we should not remain quiet on your refusing to pay us for our labor. We should have taken by force what you have, and robbed, if not killed, you. You have that much to do with the law of God."

What was the end of this strange scene we do not know, but we hope that among these Englishmen there was sufficient manliness and good feeling to accept the unexpected rebuke, and to honor the Maori for his firmness and principle.

A Jury of One. You remark that a jury of one man might be better than twelve, because he could never disagree. This reminds me of the anecdote of a case of the kind in Justice's court. A jury had been de manded, but there was difficulty about getting a jury together. One juryman had appeared, and it was finally agreed by the court that they would try the case by a jury of one. Accordingly the case was tried, and the jury (of one) retired to consult of their verdict under the charge of an officer. After waiting an hour or two the jury were called into court to see if they had agreed on their verdict, and the foreman informed the court that they had not agreed, and that there were no prospect of their agreeing. And the court sent the jury out again waited two or three hours longer for the result, when they were again called into court, and they informed his Honor that they had not agreed, and there was no prospect of any agreement. The hour being late the jury was then discharged without a verdict. This may have been a farce, but, if it was, it was no more so than are one-half of our jury trials.—
Cor. Albany Law Journal.

Like Mistress, Like Maid.

"Sir," says Ruskin, "there is only one way to have good servants—that is, to be worthy of being well served. All nature and all humanity will serve a good master and rebel against an ignoble one. And there is no surer test of the quality of a nation than the quality of its servants, for they are their masters' shadows, and distort their faults in a flattened mimicry. A wise nation will have philosophers in its servants' hall, a knavish nation will have knaves there, and a kindly nation will have friends there. Only let it be remembered that 'kindness' means, as with your child, so with your servant, not indulgence, but care,

It is Worth a Trial.

on the stalwart form of Littlejohn! She backward stepped and stood aghast, then closed the door and held it fast.

With chattering teeth and trembling frame across the floor Lycurgus came. He placed the candle in his hand upon the spindling oaken stand. Then closed the door, and, with a frown, within a cold chair settled down. He threw his

A Curious Client.

the closet door; but Aunt Rebecca, in affright, clung to the latch with all het might. To look within Lycurgus failed, he turned away and thought it nailed. Then, pulling down the snowy spread, he put his warm brick in the bed, took off his clothes, and slipped between the sheets of ice, so white and clean, blew out the light and with a sneeze, close of the latch with all her and the latch with a sneed with a s out the light, and, with a sneeze, close to his chin he brought his knees, beneath the clothes he drew his nose, and tried in vain to find repose; while "Aunt Rebecca," from the wall, took down the Sunday gover and showl showl above the subject, but disinclined to pay, so he dropped in on Smith, Jones & Smith, and notified them that he had some business for them.

"There's a man in this town threatens to sue me," said he, "and I'm prepared to spend any amount to beat him. Can you undertake to carry me through?"
"Certainly!"ejaculated Smith, Jones
& Smith, to whom the newspaper man was a stranger.
"What I want to do is to bother him,"

observed the client. "Can I bother him, whether I owe him or not?" "Well, we should smile!" remarked Smith, Jones & Smith. "It'll take him twenty years, if we work the case." "You are strangers to me, gentlemen," said the client, "though I hear you highly spoken of. Now, suppose he should sue me, how would you go to

work?" "First, we should stave off the answer. Then we would take a lot of depositions de bene esse. Just before the trial we would issue a commission to examine witnesses in Siberia; other witnesses would be taken; we would have such engagements that we would stave the trial off, and if he got a judgment we would appeal. Yes, sir, he'd use up twenty years getting the money."

"But what would the lawyers on the other side he up to all this time? I'm other side be up to all this time? I'm told they're pretty smart fellows."
"Don't care. Who are they?"

"I don't remember their names, but I have got their letter. Here! what's this? By Jove, gentlemen, they're Smith, Jones & Smith!" The partners looked aghast.

"I hope that nothing I've said will be used against me," said the client, looking from one to the other. "I trust, gentlemen, that you won't give me away in this matter. It's an awful blunder on my part, but I sincerely hope you won't take any advantage of it."

Smith, Jones & Smith held a brief consultation. "Am I in much peril?" asked the

client anxiously.

"We think not," said Smith, Jones & Smith. "We are—ch—are—we are prepared to drop the proceedings. We won't mention it, if you won't." "I'll agree not to mention any name," replied the client, with a grin, "and I'll promise you my business in the

There was some further conversation at an adjacent hotel, and, gentle reader he only trouble is their names were not Smith, Jones & Smith.

CHARLES NELSON, Esq., Proprietor Nelson House, speaking to us recently, observed: I suffered so much with Rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one ad-vised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and as if by magic, I was instantly re-lieved, and, by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for t saved my life. It also cured my wife. -Port Huron Commercial.

Mr. Warner on the Donkey.

The best way of getting about Cairo and its environs is on the donkey. It is cheap and exhibitanting. The donkey is easily mounted and easily got off from; not seldom he will weaken in his hind legs and let his rider to the ground—a sinking operation which destroys your con-fidence in life itself. Sometimes he stumbles and sends the rider over his stumbles and sends the rider over his head. But the good donkey never does either. He is the best animal of his size and appearance living. He has the two qualities of our greatest general, patience and obstinancy. The good donkey is easy as a rocking-chair, surefooted as a chamois; he can thread any crowd and stand patiently dozing in any noisy thoroughfare for hours. To ride him is only a slight compromise of one's independence in walking. One is so near the ground, and so absent-mindedly can he gaze at what is around him, that he forgets that there is anything under him. When the donkey, in the excitement of company on the open street and stimulated by the whacks and cries of his driver, breaks into the rush of a gallop, there is so much flying of legs and such a general flutter that the rider fancies he is getting over the ground at an awful rate, running a break-neck race; but it does not appear so to an observer. The rider has the feeling of the swift comotion of the Arab steed without its danger or expense. Besides, a long-legged man, with a cork-hat and a flying linen "duster," tearing madly along on an animal as big as a sheep, is an amusing spectacle. - My Winter on the Nile.

When about twelve years old said Mr. Geisman, of the Globe Chop House to our representative, I met with an accident with a horse, by which my skull was fractured, and ever since I have suffered with the most excruciating rheumatic pains. Of late I applied St. Jacobs Oil, which has given me almost total re-lief.—Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel.

Close Driving.

A gentleman wanted to hire a coach-man, a skillful driver, who could man-age a pair of spirited horses. At the hour he appointed four men came to ap-ply for the place. Turning to the first one, he said, "How near can you drive to a precipice and not go over?" "Oh!" answered the man, "I can go within three feet of it." The second man said, "Sure, and I can go within two feet of the bank." But whilst he was speaking a strong man, with brawny arm, lifted his head, and said: "Indeed, I have been six inches from the very edge, and drove away safe." The gentleman turned to the only man who had not yet spoken, a small, mild-looking person, whom the others thought would never be in their way. To him he said, "I suppose you can go no nearer than that?" "No, sir !" he replied, with determination, "it is my rule to keep as far from danger as possible." "You are the man for me," possible." "You are the man for me," said the gentleman; "I do not wish to hire any one to see how near he can drive my family to destruction."

A lady, having looked upon the monarch of mantua-makers, writes thus: Worth is not all that fancy pictured to my mind's eye before I saw him. In fact, I found him nothing more than a shrewd, business-like looking man, with a head so like the portraits of Oliver Goldsmith that doubtless the resemblance has often been commented upon. Worth is getting along in years, and the anxieties of his profession are beginning to tell upon him. His life has been a hard one. He has gone into the great stronghold of the French—that of women's dress—and beaten them. He is an Englishman, and was for a lone time hopman at Swan & Edgar's, in London. He has two sons, both Frenchmen to the backbone; neither of them, however, wish to follow their father's profession but have chosen a military life, which plainly shows their want of "taste" acording to their father's idea.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meristuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable
remedies known to all, and that all physicians
use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily
commend Hop Bitters for the good they have
done me and my friends, firmly believing they
have no equal for family use. I will not be
without them." Rev. —, Washington, D. C.

How Church-Tower Clocks Are Wound The oldest tower-clock in New York is

The oldest tower-clock in New York is in St. Paul's steeple. It was made in 1778, by John Thwait, of London. The clock in St. John's Church was put in the tower in 1812. The Trinity clock was placed in its lofty station, 200 feet from the pavement, in 1846, by James Rogers. In dry weather this clock runs well; but in dearn chills, weather its sentimes. N. O. Picayune.

In dry weather this clock runs well; but in damp, chilly weather it sometimes stops, owing to the precipitation of moisture on the wheels. Originally two men were required to wind it, each of the three 1,500-pound weights having to be lifted over fifty feet. Some time ago the winding gear was changed so that one man can now wind it.

Describing the operation of winding, the clock-keeper said: "The crank is about twenty inches long, and when I turn it around I make a sweep of thirty inches. It's a good deal harder than turning a grindstone, but the machine has a rachet, so that I can stop and rest when I want to. The crank has to be "Lorra is an old maid," says the At-

old maid in the business .- N. Y. Com-An actor will tell you that it doesnt' hurt to let yourself fall on the floor, but

iar. Try it. -Boston Post THE Hartford Courant has come to the conclusion that the button makers who allow but two tiny holes for the

wound the wire rope that holds the 1,500-pound weight. The weight is simply a box with pieces of iron in it. That is very old-fashioned. Now we have iron weights so modeled that they can be added to or subtracted from, and the weight can be graded to a nicety. A new wire rope was put to the chimes on a St. Louis paper, he tells the pro-prietors he can say more mean things about Chicago than any other living man. And they always give him a chance.— Boston Post.

new wire rope was put to the chimes weight the other day. The rope is what is called tiller rope, and is 280 feet long and three-quarters of an inch thick. It takes me an hour and a half to wind up the clear." St. Paul's clock has a single back gea and two weights of 1,000 pounds each. It takes three-quarters of an hour to wind it. St. John's clock is wound in of Japan. If they can teach a small boy less than an hour; while the modern

The two classes of persons most apt to visit editors are those who want their Prentice Mulford, in the San Fran-cisco Chronicle, relates the following in his experience of comical and provoking names put in the paper and those who annoyances as a public speaker. He says: "None can realize until they enter

The high prices of living are just now a sore prevention to marrying. The industrious young man is not always born with ten thousand a year. Will our young ladies please make a note of this?

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

church where I was speaking, and trotted up and down a course she had laid out for herself before the pulpit. She did this with an erect tail, and at "It is singular that a single cat acting in this manner is more effective in interesting and amusing an 'intelligent audience' than any speaker. Under such conditions Cicero himself would have to are generally healthy, well fed men.

on talking, but the cat would capture the knock under to the cat. He might "And then the awful sensation of be

and then the awrui sensation of being obliged to keep on as though nothing had disturbed you; to pretend you don't see such a cat; that you are not thinking of it, and knowing all the while that your audience are getting their money's worth out of the cat, and not out of you!" A "stringy," "rattling" voice and a con stant disposition to expectorate, indicate incipi-ent throat trouble of dangerous tendency. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in good time, and be saved much trouble and annoyance. For sale

when I want to. The crank has to be turned 750 times to turn the barrel twenty-one times. Around the barrel is

the lecture-field what trivial occurrence

may transpire to upset the unfortunate man on the platform, and divert and dis

tract from him the attention of an au-

"On one occasion a cat got into the

Tit for Tat. In the reign of Charles II. it was cus tomary, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, to throw some article of dress into the flames in her honor, and all his companions were obliged to sacrifice a similar article, whatever it might be. One of Sir Charles Sedley's friends, perceiving that he wore a very rich lace cra-vnt, drank to the health of a certain lady, and threw his own cravat into the fire. Sir Charles followed the example very good-naturedly, but said he would have his joke in return. Afterward, when he dined with the same party, he filled a bumper to some reigning beauty, and called on a dentist to extract a de-cayed tooth which had long pained him. Etiquettedemanded that every one of the party should have a tooth extracted and brown into the fire; to which they all vielded, after many murmurs about the The Square Man. .

The square man mezzures the same each way, and haint got no winny edges nor shaky lumber in him. He is free from knots and sap, and won't warp. He is klear stuff, and I don't care what yu work him up into, he won't swell and he won't shrink. He iz amongst men what good kil dried boards are among earpenters, he won't season krack. It don't make any difference which side uv him yu cum up to, he is the same big-ness each way, and the only way tew ness each way, and the only way tew get at him, enny how, iz to face him. He knows he iz square, and never spends enny time trieing to prove it. The square man is one of the best-shaped men the world has ever produced. He iz one of them kind ov chunks that kant alter tew fit a spot, but you must alter the spot to fit him.—Josh Billings.

Miss Sofrano (who has just finished playing): "Did I drop any notes, Su-san?" Her cousin (from the rural districts) "No, not as I knows on; but I'll look under the pianny an' see."

Something Almost Marvelous is the steadily increasing power and populari of Warner's Safe Kidney and Laver Cure.

THE MARKETS.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI.—FLOUR — Fancy, \$5 25@5 75; family, \$4 80@5 10; spring family, \$5 00@5 40. Rye flour, \$5 00. Buckwheat flour, \$4 75@5 00 per brl., and \$2 50 per 100 lbs. Grain—Wheat—No. 2 red. \$1 08, \$1 09@1 10, and 200 bushels choice red and amber sold at landing for \$1 11. Corn—No. 2, mixed, 47c; No. 2, white, 48c. Oats—No. 2, white, 49c. No. 2, mixed, 38,383%C Rye, \$1 13@1 14. Barley—No. 2, fail, \$1 08; sxtra No. 3, \$1 02@1 105; spring barley, \$8@35c. Hogs—Common—\$4 25@1 5 00; fair to choice light and medium weights, \$5 50 @6 00; heavy packing, \$5 4 @5 90. Hemp—Rough Kentucky, \$90@100. Hay—Prime to choice timothy, \$16 50@17 01. Wheat and rye straw, \$9 00@ 9 50; oats straw, \$10@10 50. POULTRY—Chickens—Common, \$3 25@3 75; ducks, \$3 00@4 50; seese, \$3 00 @4 50; turkeys, 11c. for live and 13c. per pound for dressed. Provisions—Mees pork, \$15 00@15 25. Land, 10%@10.50c.

NEW YORK—Cotton—Middling uplands, 10%c.; middling Orleans, 11c. Flour—Common to good extra Western and State, \$4 30@5 00; good to choice, do., \$5 10@6 75; common to choice Ohio extra family, \$4 30@6 75; common to choice Ohio extra family, \$4 30@6 75; common to choice Ohio extra family, \$4 30@6 75; No. 2 winter red, \$1 24@1 24%; No. 1 winter red, \$1 28@1 25%; usgraded white, \$1 20; No. 2 white, \$1 20@1 25%; usgraded white, \$1 20; No. 2 white, \$1 20@1 25%; usgraded white, \$1 20; No. 2 white, \$1 20@1 25%; usgraded white, \$1 20; No. 2 white, \$1 20@1 25%; usgraded white, \$1 20; No. 2 white, \$1 20@1 25%; usgraded white, \$1 20; No. 2 white, \$1 20@1 20%; Corn—Ungraded, 57%@60%c. Onts—Mixed Western, 45@45c.; white Western, 45@45c. Groceries—Coffee—Rio, in cargoes, 10@15c. Bugar—Fail to good refining, 7%@7%c. Provisions—Mess pork, old, \$14 90@15 01; new, \$16 \$75. Cohio extra family, \$5 00@6 25; Ohio extra family, \$5 00. Lard—Prime steam. 10.70c.

PHILADELPHIA.—Flour—Minnesota extra family, \$5 00@6 25; Ohio extra family, \$5 00.65 75.

Prime steam. 10.70c.

PHILADELPHIA.—Fjour—Minnesota extra family, \$5 00@6 25; Ohio extra family, \$5 00@5 75; Minnesota patent process, Tancy, \$7 75. Hye flour, \$5 00@5 12½. Wheat—No. 2 winter red, \$117 on track and \$1 19 in elevator. Corn—Sall mixed, in elevator, 55%c; steamer, on track, 54%c. Oats—No. 1 white, 46%c. Mess Pork—Prime, \$16 00@16 25 Hams—Smoked, 10%@11c. Lard—Prime steam, 10%c; kettle-rendered, 10%c. LOUISVILLE.—Cotton—Dull at 10½c. Flour—Extra, \$3 25@3 50; extra family, \$3 75@4 25; A No. 1, \$4 75@5 00; choice fancy, \$5 75@6 00. Wheat is steady at \$1 00@1 03. Corn—No. 2 white, \$8c , No. 2, mixed, 47c. Dats—No. 2 white, \$83½c.; No. 2 mixed, \$76@37½c. Rye—No. 2, \$1 15. Hay \$14 00. \$615 50. Mess pork, \$15 50. Lard, 10c. Live hogs, \$5 50 to \$6 00.

\$5 50 to \$6 60.

BALTIMORE.—Flour—Western superfine, \$3 25@ 4 00; Western extra, \$4 25@5 00; Western family, \$5 25@6 25. Wheat—No. 2 Western winter red \$1 20@1 20½. Corn—Western mixed, \$5½@56%c. Cats—white Western, 46@47c.; mixed Western, 42@44c. Rye—Good prime, \$1 10. Mess Pork—Old \$15 00. and new, \$16 00. Hansa—Sugar-cured, 11@ 12c. Lard—Refined in therees, 11c.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Wheat—The market is firm; No. 2 red, \$1 06@1 07. Corn—Is steady at 43@ 43½c. Oats—New white, 34@30c.

LIVE STOCK.

CINCINNATI.—Hoos — Selected butchers' and heavy shippers, \$5 10@6 40; fair to good packing grades, \$5 50@5 90; common light, \$4 25@5 10. Cattle—Common, \$2 25@3 00; lair to medium, \$3 25@4 00; good to choice butchers grades, \$4 25@4 75; common to fair shippers, \$4 25@4 75. Sheep—Common to fair, \$3 00@4 00, and good to choice, \$4 50@ 5 00. NEW YORK.—Dressed beel sides, 8@93-c. Sheep and Lambs—Common to choice extra sheep, \$5 50@6 75 per 100 lbs.; common to extra yearling lambs, unshorn, \$6 50@7 50. Hogs—Common Western, live, \$5 00@6 30 per 100 lbs.

INDIANAPULIS.—Hogs—Yorkers, \$5 70@5 85; common to fair mixed packing, \$5 40@5 70. Cattle—Common to prime shippers, \$4 40@5 50; butchers', \$3 25@4 85. Sheep—Common to prime, \$4 50@5 50.

EAST LIBERTY, PA.—Hogs—Philadelphias, \$6 50@6 65 per 100 lbs.; best Yorkers, \$5 85@6 10.

EXCHANGE EXPRESSIONS.

THE Boston Herald observes that the nan who digs one hundred feet into the round for water gets along well. MATTER from St. Louis papers, republished in the papers of Chicago, is always credited to "country exchanges."—

A FEMALE spider eats her husbands. If Mormon women lived on husbands, there never would be enough left to warm up in hash.—Binghamton Repub-

lanta Constitution bravely. True; but she is the sauciest, liveliest, kickingest mercial Advertiser.

if you try it you will get up deeply im-pressed with the belief that the actor is a

thread are justly accountable for the length of our divorce docket. When a sharp man wants to get a joi

IF the wedding boom keeps up in Albany, the Press fears there won't be old maids enough in the neighborhood to sew for destitute children in Africa or get up donation parties for bachelor ministers. THEY teach gardening in the schools

to go willingly into a garden and weed, the sooner we can get the Japanese sys-tem of education into our schools the better.—Detroit Free Press. clock of St. George's, in charge of the same keeper, is wound in fifteen min-

want them left out; and others who bring affy for themselves and gall for their neighbors.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE Elmira Advertiser says: "We can not help thinking that if G. Washington had lied a little—just a little—he would have lived longer and enjoyed better health." The Advertiser evidently understands this question thoroughly. The most eminent liars in the country

Exclusin papers announce that his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge has invented a new whistle. It is such things as this that demonstrate the advantages of monarchies over mere re-publics, and we mention the duke's brilliant achievement reluctantly, because it is so likely to move our people to envy and disquiet.—Utica Herald.

When Charles II, was making his triamphant progress through England cer-ain country ladies who were presented hin country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand in their simplicity held up their pretty ips to be kissed by the King, a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than he lover of pretty Nell Gwynne, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steele, the butcher, a kiss for his vote nearly a century since, and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a imilar manner. A kiss from his mothe made Benjamin West an artist. "Kiss made Benjamin West in a last,
me, mother, before I sleep." How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little
suppliant is that soft, gentle kiss. The
head sinks contentedly on the pillow for all is peace and happiness within.

The bright eyes and rosy lips dose, and the little darling is soon reveling in the bright and sunny dreams of innocence. Yes, kiss, mother, for that good-night kiss will linger in the memory when the giver lies moldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle nother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, and we know not what is in store for the litthe one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love, a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little one's cre they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will en-

ONLY the genuine axle grease has the name of Frazer on every package, and wears longer than any other.

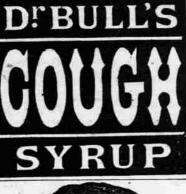
lure to the end of life. - Troy Times.

Indicestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Menshan's Pertonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints, Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

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by F. S. Dolbins, late of Yokohama, Japan. A new book of matchless interest, describing the marvelous varieties and strange supersitions of Isolatrous Worship in all parts and ages of the world. Contains a thousand facts stranger than fiction—the wild imaginations of heathen natious concerning Destry, Spirits, the Origins and Destiny of Man. with all the strange oblich, togenda, dairy tales, customs, forms of worship, temples, thrines, sacrifices, etc. It is most strikingly Hiustented. A truly wonderful book, and certain to sell immensely. Agents Wanted.—For terms, etc., address Hubbard Bross. 51 W. Fourth St. Cincinnali. O Hubbard Bros., 51 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, C

\$ 7 7 7 A YEAR and expenses in Agents. Outfit Pres. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine \$350 AMONTH. Agents Wanted.





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NEW VEGETABLES A SPECIALTY,

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SIX WHY WASTE MONEY! Tomog man or old.

CTS whiters or a heavy growth of forting

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Sprains and Bruises.

It can be used without the slightest fear of harm, quickly allaying all inflammation and screness with-out pain.

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Pilos. Rijand, Blooding or Robing. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly cur-ing when other medicines have failed. Pound's En-tract Medicated Praper for closet use, is a pre-rentive against Chafing and Plus. Our Construent is of great service where the remoral of clothlog is in-

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. The Extractis so close that mothers who have once used it never be without it. Our Ointment is the best smallish that can be availed.

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Il Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Ker-youaness, Sleeplessness and especially

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Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and to them before you sleep. Take no other

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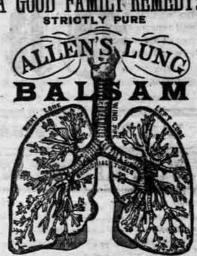
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DR. FLETCHER, of Lexington, Mo., says: "I recommend your "Balanm" in preference to any other median for coughs and colds." DR. A. C. JOHNSON, of Mt. Vernon, Ill., writes of some wonderful cures of Consumption in his place by the use of "Allen's Lung Balsam." Sores, Ulcers, Wounds DR. J. B. TURNER, Biomstrille, Ala., a practicin physician of twenty-five years, writes: "It is the bes preparation for Consumption in the world."

For all Diseases of the Thront, Lungs an Pulmonary Organs, it will be found most excellent Romesy. Burns and Scalds. For allaying it is unrivaled, and should be kept in every family ready for use in case of socidents. A dressing of our Ointspeart will aid in healing and prevent scars. AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM Inflamed or Sore Eyes. J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Earache, Toothache &

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Mechanical Musical Instruments using perforated paper, are not new to the trade, in either this or foreign countries, but such instruments (hitherto using the paper as a valve,) are, to say the least, extremely imperfect, and, while their sate has been certainly remarkable, there has been a constant demand for something with higher capabilities, having regularly constructed valves, and capable of producing perfect music 'un expression, effect and tons.

sperfect, and, while their sa'e has been certainly assumed valves, and capable of producing perfect music ing with higher capabilities, having regularly constructed valves, and capable of producing perfect music is expression, effect and tons.

We are the owners of the valuable patents granted O. H. Arno, E.g., completely covering the application of a Slide Valve to a mechanical musical instrument with automatic fingers, by which means the such and expression of a superior Organist are almost exactly reproduced, an effect which has never before een obtained in mechanical musical instruments, and we believe it a better, more attractive, and more iestrable instrument than a Slid French Music Box, with its limited and monotonous arrangement of units. Our Organinas play any tune, which cost but a few cents apiece, and last for years.

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Price of Automatic Feed Attachment, only \$2.50 Extra, and the value of the instrument is greatly enhanced by the addition of it. This is the price of the strachment complete, and does not, of course, include a roll of music.

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